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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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"He Loved Me and Gave Himself for Me"

Entirely! Entirely!
From lowly crib in baby sighs
I hear it ring: Entirely!
With all He has and is, He lies,
A holocaust for sinful me;
Nought is withheld, all gladly poured
For sins of mine to God, the Lord;
Entirely, for me, for me!

Entirely! Entirely!
I hear Him whisper as He goes
From hut to hall—from land to sea:
Or mercy to the palsied shows,
Or heals the scaly leprosy;
I read it in those tired eyes,
The plaint of unrequited sighs,
Entirely, for me, for me!

Entirely! Entirely!
His plodding, weary footsteps say
As seeking sin-bound souls to free
He plods along the parched way
Or watches by the nightly sea,
Or halts upon some hillside fair
To sate the soul's heart-hunger there:
Entirely, for me, for me!

Entirely! Entirely!
The trickling blood-drops in the night—
The whirr of scourges mournfully—
The thorny crown, His piteous plight—
The dragging cross borne lovingly
Up, upward, Calvary's lurid steep:
The chords of woe resounding sweep;
Entirely, for me, for me!

Entirely! Entirely!
'Tis drained—the bitter cup of shame!
The last drops oozing painfully
From out the riven heart proclaim:
'Tis finished now—entirely!
Nought else remains—no tiniest part—
Tell me, have I not won Thy heart?

* * *

Entirely—dear Lord—for Thee!

Augustine T. Zeller, C. Ss. R

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WILLIAM VAN ROSSUM, C. SS. R.

The death of the great Cardinal Rampolla on Dec. 15, 1913, created a number of important vacancies in the Roman Curia. These vacancies are being filled one after the other by His Holiness Pius X. Cardinal Merry Del Val, successor of Cardinal Rampolla as Secretary of State, now becomes his successor as Archpriest of St. Peter's. The Secretaryship of the Congregation of the Holy Office, a position second only to that of Secretary of State, is now held by Cardinal Ferrata. Another important office left vacant by Cardinal Rampolla's demise was the Presidency of the Pontifical Commission of Biblical Studies. On January 13, 1914, this office was assigned by His Holiness to Cardinal William Van Rossum, C. Ss. R. This appointment marks a notable advancement in the ever broadening activities of the last named Cardinal. Hitherto His Eminence has occupied the position of Counsellor with active voice in several sacred Congregations; he now takes in hand the supervision of one of the authoritative bodies connected with the Holy See. His appointment, therefore, is not without significance, implying as it does no small amount of learning as well as executive ability. The fact that His Eminence is a Redemptorist should add interest to a sketch of his career and present activity for the readers of the "Liguorian."

Cardinal Van Rossum was born at Zwolle, in Holland, Sept. 3, 1854. He is therefore now in his sixtieth year. At an early age he entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, pronouncing his perpetual vows on June 16, 1874, at the age of nineteen. He was ordained priest five years later, Oct. 17, 1879. His learning and interest in education were soon recognized and he was successively Prefect of Students and Rector of the Dutch House of Studies at Wittem. In 1894 his Superiors called him to Rome to take up the project of higher studies for the members of the Congregation. Here his abilities were also recognized by the Holy See, and he was appointed Consultor to the Congregation of the Holy Office. At the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in 1909, he was elected one of the six Consultors to the Superior General, Most Rev. Patrick Murray, C. Ss. R.

When, in October, 1911, the sensational news of the creation of

eighteen new Cardinals was published, the name of William Van Rossum, C. Ss. R., was among the number. It was no surprise to those "who knew". His exceptional ability and his indefatigable labors, as well as his personal friendship with Pius X, were well known. At the remarkable Consistory of Nov. 30, 1911, he received the red hat, and so became a Prince of Holy Roman Church. Among those created with him were the three American Cardinals, Farley, O'Connell, and Falconio.

Since that time the labors and responsibilities of His Eminence have only increased. His appointment, however, has several unique features. He is the second Redemptorist who has been raised to the Cardinalate. He is the first Dutch Cardinal in almost four hundred years.

The first important mission confided to Cardinal Van Rossum was that of Papal Legate to the International Eucharistic Congress held in Vienna in September, 1912. He was conveyed by a special train sent by Emperor Francis Joseph, and lodged at the Imperial Palace during his stay. As St. Clement Hofbauer is the special patron of Vienna, there was a peculiar fitness in the presence of one of his sons, as it were, as the Papal Legate. For St. Clement was the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer outside of Italy.

This summer Cardinal Van Rossum paid a visit to his native land, and the universal enthusiasm with which he was received showed the pleasure of the Dutch people at his elevation to the Cardinalate. Queen Wilhelmina made a special trip from her summer palace to the Capitol in order to receive His Eminence in private audience. At the conclusion of the audience Her Majesty conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Lion of Holland.

Cardinal Van Rossum now holds many important offices in the Roman Curia. By his latest appointment he became President of the Biblical Commission, of which he had previously been a member. With him are associated four other Cardinals, Merry Del Val, Lugari, and Lorenzelli, with one vacancy left by the death of Cardinal Vives Y Tuto in September. Attached to this commission are forty Consultors, the most learned and renowned students of the Bible scattered throughout the world. This Biblical Commission was established by Pope Leo XIII. in 1902. Its purpose is the defence of the Holy Scriptures against the onslaughts of Rationalistic Criticism, which, within the past quarter of a century, has been particularly active in undermining the divinity of the Sacred Books. It will thus be seen that the Catholic

Church is still the true defender of the Bible and is doing her utmost to maintain its sacred character.

Furthermore, Cardinal Van Rossum is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Office, of the Council, of Religious, of the Propaganda of Latin Rite, of the Propaganda for the affairs of the Oriental Rite, and of the Index. The Congregation of the Holy Office is first in importance among all the Sacred Congregations. Of this Congregation the Pope himself is President, or Prefect, as it is technically called. In this Congregation there are eight Cardinals at present. Besides, forty-four priests and higher dignitaries are attached to it as Consultors and Officials. The special office of the Congregation is to guard the doctrine of faith and morals, to judge concerning heresy, to grant and confirm and decide concerning all indulgences. Whatever pertains to faith with regard to the Sacraments, the Pauline privilege, the impediments of matrimony arising from the fact that one party is either not baptized, or, if baptized, is not a Catholic, belong to the Congregation of the Holy Office.

Closely connected with the Congregation of the Holy Office is the Congregation of the Index, of which Cardinal Van Rossum is also a member. You have heard of books being "on the Index." It is this Congregation that puts them there. In other words its duties are to examine books of doubtful orthodoxy, and, if necessary, condemn them, that is, forbid them to be read on account of the danger to faith and morals. A book "on the Index" is not allowed to be read without a special permission from the proper authority.

Cardinal Van Rossum is a member of the Congregation of the Council. This Congregation was formerly so called because its duties were to carry out the decrees of the Council of Trent. Since 1908, however, it has its own regular sphere of action. This comprises all matters of discipline concerning the secular clergy and the Christian people in general. It also has charge of matters referring to Councils and Synods.

The Congregation of Religious, to which Cardinal Van Rossum also belongs, has jurisdiction over all members of religious orders whether of men or of women.

Finally, His Eminence is a member of what is popularly called the "Propaganda." This Congregation has jurisdiction in all missionary countries where the Church is still in a state of formation and all the regular laws cannot be observed. Such vast territories as Asia and

Africa fall under the jurisdiction of this Congregation. The United States was subject to it until 1908, when it was removed from the list of "missionary countries."

Attached to the Propaganda is also the Congregation of Oriental Rites. This implies that all the Eastern Churches with Rites differing from the Latin are subject to this Congregation. Such Rites are the Greek, the Ruthenian, the Syrian, and others.

From the multifarious matters treated by these Congregations it will be seen that Cardinal Van Rossum must be very busily occupied. And still this does not sum up his duties.

He is also a member of the Commission for the Preservation of the Faith in Rome. This is a special Commission founded by Pope Leo XIII., Nov. 25, 1902. Its object is to devise ways and means of keeping up the religious faith of the Roman people. Six Cardinals comprise this Commission with the Cardinal Vicar Pompili as the head.

Then Cardinal Van Rossum is also a member of the Pontifical Commission for the Codification of Canon Law. Canon Law is the law that governs the Church as a society. As the Church has been in existence for nineteen hundred years, naturally quite a number of laws have been in force and again gone out of force. It is the object of this Commission to collect and form a code of laws applying actually to the Church as she now exists. To form an idea of the enormity of this task consult any lawyer. This Commission was established March 19, 1904, and it is still working. It is composed of thirteen Cardinals and fifty-four consultors, residing in Rome. Besides there are numerous "collaborators" in various parts of the world.

Finally, Cardinal Van Rossum is Protector of numerous religious orders and societies. As such it is his duty to look after their interests and welfare.

From all this it will be seen that the Cardinal's life is a strenuous one. His Eminence lives as simply and retired as before his elevation. Only at public functions does he appear in his Cardinal's robes. At home he wears the plain habit of the Redemptorist Congregation. His residence adjoining the Redemptorist convent is a miniature Redemptorist community where the regular order of religious life is observed.

The Cardinal is rather tall, of dignified, but not haughty bearing, and pleasant and affable to all. He is on most intimate terms with Pius X, and is said to be a man after the Pope's own heart. Though among the youngest of the Sacred College, he is recognized as a power and

respected as such. His prodigious learning and untiring labors mark him as a Cardinal whom further honors are awaiting.

In conclusion, let this short sketch of Cardinal Van Rossum serve as an example of the life of the Cardinals in general, a life that is far removed from luxury and idleness, and devoted singly to the welfare of the Holy Roman Church, the spouse of Christ on earth.

F. J. ROMER, C. Ss. R.

THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE

The Chicago Federation Council recently issued an appeal to every minister in the city of Chicago to deliver on a designated Sunday an address on the sacredness of human life. A letter sent to the ministers called attention to the low regard in which human life is held in this country. "In no country in the world is human life so cheap as in America." We have not heard what response was made by the ministers to the appeal, but we do know that there is a need for something to be done to remedy the evil pointed out in the above mentioned letter. Any one who notes what a large amount of space in the daily papers is devoted to the account of crimes against the Fifth Commandment cannot but surmise that we are a very murderous nation. A few startling statistics that we have observed will change this surmise into a conviction.

Last year in the United States there were about 13,000 suicides. For the past fourteen years there have been between 8,800 and 9,000 murders each year. We have therefore in those fourteen years murdered about 20,000 more human beings than all the men lost from battles and wounds in the Federal armies throughout the Civil War. The number of human beings murdered in one year in the United States alone is greater than the total of all the murder victims for the same length of time in Italy, Austria, Germany, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Holland, Hungary and Spain put together. Nine thousand murders a year! And yet those figures do not begin to include all the deeds that will be charged up as murders on the Day of Judgment. What statistics can show how many unborn babes are slain by conscienceless physicians and doctors? How many industrial accidents in factories, on the railroads, etc., are altogether due to the selfishness and negligence of employers and are nothing else than murder! How many victims are murdered each year by reckless joy riders and

careless automobile drivers! Evidently there is no excess of reverence for the sacredness of human life in all this.

No doubt, a variety of factors unite to bring about this condition of affairs. But there is one cause in particular that is noted by thinking men and that is the failure of our courts to bring the murderer to punishment. In a recent year the murders in Chicago and St. Louis reached the number of 257. Only two of the murderers were executed. We are informed by a reliable authority that for more than 20 years in the State of New York, out of every 500 murderers, 5 were executed, 90 were sent to prison, and 405 got off with no punishment at all. Is not this to encourage murder? As the author from whom we have taken these figures says, it is more dangerous to kill a quail out of season than to take the life of a man. Such negligence on the part of the courts furthermore offers a plausible pretext for lynching and it is no wonder that our lynchings exceed our legal executions. We have as many as 240 lynchings in a year. In England, Ireland, and Scotland, there has not been a lynching for the past 75 years.

In most instances the murderer knows that he is doing wrong. His conscience tells him that murder is a crime. It is his conduct that is at fault, not his principles. But there are some, who in this matter of the sacredness of human life, are imbued with false principles. They maintain that even outside the universally admitted cases of self-defense and where the state punishes a criminal with death or kills the enemy in a just war, there are other instances in which it is lawful directly to take the life of a human being. Thus many non-Catholic physicians will support the view that it is allowed directly and intentionally to kill the unborn child in certain cases, for instance, where such a course is necessary to save the life of the mother. Certain deeds of this kind can be committed with impunity in any state of the union. There are others who advocate euthanasia. Euthanasia is a big word that means simply, easy death. Inflict a painless death on all those who, because of some incurable disease or for some other reason, are only a burden to themselves and others. To do so is no crime, they say, it is an act of charity. In two instances that we are aware of bills advocating euthanasia were introduced into our State Legislatures, though, thank God, in both instances they were defeated.

Against these false principles the Catholic Church takes a firm stand as she does against all the other erroneous views of an irreligious age. She tells us that with the exception of the case of necessary self-defense

it is never lawful for an individual on his own private authority to destroy a human life, be it his own or that of another, and she bases this teaching on the will of Almighty God, clearly revealed in Holy Scripture and in the dictates of the natural law. "Thou shalt not kill" was engraven of old on the stone tablets as one of the Ten Commandments, and even before that it had been written in the hearts of men, for, apart from any positive prohibition, human reason says that life is a sacred thing and that murder is a heinous crime.

First of all, murder is the greatest injustice we can be guilty of against our neighbor. If it is wrong to deprive a man of his riches or of his good name, what a crime must it not be to take away his life, which is the greatest of all his goods and the necessary condition for the enjoyment of all the others? And alas, only too often it happens that the dastardly murderer strikes down his victim when the latter's soul is burdened with sin and thus deprives him of all opportunity of making his peace with God. Thus both body and soul are murdered. How must the blood of such a victim cry to heaven for vengeance!

Furthermore, murder is an act of injustice against God. The same is to be said of suicide. Both crimes are the usurpation of a right that belongs to God alone. To lawfully destroy an object I must be the owner of that object, and if I destroy the possession of another without his leave I am of course guilty of an injustice. Now, no man is absolute master of his life. This right of supreme ownership belongs to God who is the creator of man and the sole author of human life. We may use our lives to glorify and serve God and for any reasonable purpose that does not conflict with our dependence on God. But to destroy human life, that is to arrogate to oneself a divine right, it is a terrible crime against the sovereign dominion of God.

These and other reasons the Church urges to show her children that human life is indeed sacred. And it is only in so far as her voice is listened to that the terrible crimes against the Fifth Commandment will cease and that the sacredness of human life will be respected. There can be no true morality without religion. Only too clearly is this seen in these days. Faith has to a great extent disappeared, and its disappearance has been the signal for every species of crime and immorality to become rampant. If we would restore morality, we must first restore a truly religious spirit. Only those who truly love and serve God will truly love and respect themselves and their neighbor. For the motive of true charity is the love of God. THOS. M. PALMER, C. Ss. R.

THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST

(Letter of a mother to a friend of her childhood, the day after the ordination of her son.)

Bless God, my dear friend, yes, bless the good God with me, for I am now the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote twenty-five years ago when this dear child was given to me. I remember it well; I was beside myself with joy, I felt the little creature alive at my side. I stretched out my hand towards him; I touched him in his cradle as if to assure myself that I really possessed him. But, ah! what a difference between that joy and the happiness that is mine today, a happiness that exalts my very soul and fills it with sentiments truly sublime. I am the mother of a priest today. These little hands that I kissed with tenderest affection now five and twenty years ago, these hands are consecrated today; these fingers have touched my very God. This infant intelligence that received from me its light and to which I have shown the end and the purpose of life has grown apace and been imbued with the saving truths: by study and grace it has far surpassed my own—and behold, it is consecrated today! This body that I cared for and protected, that caused me many a night of anguish and tears, when sickness seemed anxious to rob me of my treasure, is now big and strong and consecrated to God. A servant of the soul of a priest, it will endure fatigue to lift up the sinner, instruct the ignorant, to give the good Lord to every intelligent creature who seeks and asks for Him.

This heart, ah, this pure heart that has never desired any other than a mother's love—a heart that trembled at the very thought of contact with anything earthly—this heart is consecrated today. The love which actuates it is charity pure and undefiled. Oh, my son, I know him well. I know what treasures lie hidden in his noble nature. The love of that heart will be a protecting barrier against the world and against himself. And when God will lead across his path some faltering, feeble soul, a prey to anxiety or plunged in the depths of despair, ah, then he will know how and where to find words to comfort and console, to inspire with confidence in the goodness of a merciful God.

Yes, yes, my child will accomplish great good; he will be according to the heart of God, he will be the very soul of charity. Yes, I am the mother of a priest, a real true priest.

What shall I say to you about yesterday's ceremony? I was there,

but I saw nothing except him; I saw him kneel; I saw him stand; I saw him prostrate and rise again; I saw him come from under the hands of the bishop that were imposed upon his head—a priest!

And this morning he said his first Mass in the little chapel of an humble convent. The only pomp was a sacred silence and two lighted candles; the only attendants, a little child who served him and I, I, his mother, and a few intimate friends.

But ah, when one wishes to picture the happiness of heaven must one not say it is the happiness of a mother who sees God descend from heaven at the voice of her son, to come to her while she is lost in adoration so profound that she forgets the world, forgets everything else and thinks only of God and her son.

There he stood, tall and majestic; gravity and grace marked every movement. I was very near the altar; I did not stir; my very senses seemed numb. Suddenly I heard the weight of his body bending before the Sacred Host. I did not pray; at least I do not know what you would call it; it was the ecstasy of a Christian mother—I simply said: "Thank you, my God, O thank you."

He was mine—this priest. It was I who formed his little body. His soul was illumined by my own. But he is no longer mine; he belongs to You and to You alone. Guard and protect him from every shadow of evil; he is the salt of the earth, do not let the salt lose its savor. My God, I love you and I love him. I respect him, I venerate him for he is your priest.

At the moment of Holy Communion the server seeing me approach, recited the Confiteor; the Celebrant turned about and raising his right hand gave the absolution to his mother! My poor child; I heard him sob. Then he took the ciborium and advanced towards me. It was God whom my son was bringing to me. Ah, that moment! That union! God, His priest and I. . . . Did I pray? Really I know nothing about it. An unspeakable peace enveloped my whole being; I burst into tears; they were tears of love and gratitude, and I said very quietly: "My God, my son!" Yes, for us mothers, I believe that is praying.

There have been many happy days in my life; this is without doubt the happiest of them all, because earthly thoughts had, so to speak, no share in it at all. Adieu, I cannot write any more; my tears are falling on this paper now, but they are tears of joy.

Translated from the *Revue Catholique de Troyes* by

C. J. WARREN, C. Ss. R.

FAITH

"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not, shall be condemned" (Mark 16.16). "He that believeth not, is already judged, because he believeth not in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3.18).

To our age of boasted tolerance these two sayings of our divine Saviour appear harsh, intolerant, incredible, and unjust. And yet nothing can be more true or more just, for they are the utterances of Him, who is the Supreme Lawgiver and Judge of the universe. The sovereign Lord of creation has laid down the law of faith; He has sanctioned it by appropriate rewards and punishments, making it obligatory on all men under pain of eternal reprobation. He cannot be charged with excessive rigor or injustice, for He is the infinitely good God, that is, goodness itself, and the infinitely just God, that is, justice itself. There can, then, be no other alternative; either we must believe and believe as Christians, or, if we refuse to believe, we shall be justly doomed to endless punishment.

True Christian faith is absolutely necessary for salvation. It is only by faith that we can approach and please God. "Without faith," says St. Paul, "it is impossible to please God. For he that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and is a rewarder to them that seek him" (Hebr. 11.6). He who *knowingly* rejects the faith, is guilty of a very grievous sin, because he rejects as untrue the word and testimony of God Himself, and thus implicitly holds God as either ignorant or deceitful. Moreover, by refusing to acquiesce in the divine testimony or revelation, he actually rebels against the supreme authority of God and, therefore, deserves the condign punishment of a rebel. Leniency towards such a one would practically nullify the authority of God and make it the sport of the proud and wicked.

Christian faith is, therefore, indispensable for salvation. It is the door of, or the entrance into, the Church of Christ. In beginning the ceremonies of baptism the priest addresses this question to the candidate for baptism: "What dost thou ask of the Church of God?" The candidate answers: "Faith." The priest then asks: "What doth faith bring thee to?" The candidate replies: "Life everlasting," that is, heaven. When praying, in the words of the Church, for a departing soul, the priest puts forward the faith of the dying Christian as a sure

title to the divine mercy, saying that, however grievously the dying man may have sinned, he, nevertheless, did not deny the faith, but believed faithfully. The great apostle of the Gentiles gloried in having kept the faith amid numerous obstacles and combats, and he set forth this fact as an infallible title to the eternal crown of glory.

The dishonesty and immorality which are making a sad havoc among some Catholics have their source in religious indifference, in the want of a lively faith. Experience teaches that wherever the spirit of faith prevails, there also morality and virtue reign supreme.

What is faith? Faith, in general, is an assent to truths and facts which we of ourselves do not know, but believe on the testimony of credible witnesses. The more learned and trustworthy the witnesses appear to us, the stronger is our faith in their testimony. When the witnesses are numerous and consistent with one another, and all the circumstances indicate that not only they could not have been deceived or mistaken, but that also they could have had no interest or intention to deceive, their testimony must, conformably to right reason, be admitted as perfectly true, reliable, and credible. To reject such a testimony argues either insincerity or a lack of common sense.

Natural Faith. Faith is a natural necessity for every man. It is indispensable in our daily life. How greatly to be pitied is he who boasts that he believes only what he himself sees or understands! Such a one pretends to be wiser than the rest of mankind; and, nevertheless, if he intends to live in the society of his fellowmen and acquire knowledge, he must credit their testimony; he cannot otherwise learn the names of things, the existence and location of other countries, history, any one of the sciences or acquire any trade or profession. Moreover, however great his learning, he cannot fully comprehend the simple facts that daily fall under his observation. Although he knows that plants grow, yet he cannot comprehend *how* they grow; the *how* is always, and will ever remain a mystery to him. Although he may know how to produce light and sound, their intrinsic nature and mode of action are an inexplicable mystery to him. Is not thought, its whole process, full of mysteries? And the phenomenon of sleep also? All our boasted science never penetrates beyond the surface of nature. We daily believe numberless things which we cannot comprehend, and we believe them most firmly. We hold as true numberless things which we have neither personally seen nor heard, because we naturally trust the testimony of credible witnesses. The more reliable they are, the stronger

is our faith in their testimony. But, as it is human to err, we, in our natural faith, run the risk of being deceived by untruthful or insufficiently informed witnesses. From this we infer that mere human testimony, being liable to error, cannot of itself produce *infallible* certainty.

Supernatural Faith. In matters pertaining to religion our faith must, necessarily, be supernatural, or divine, as to its foundation. Supernatural faith is an assent to truths revealed by God, whether these truths are within the domain of reason or transcend reason. The testimony on which religious faith rests, is and must be divine, for God alone can teach us what He requires us to believe and to do in order to fulfil our destiny. Religious faith, to be genuine, cannot be a human product, but necessarily originates from God giving His testimony or revealing His will to man. It may be thus defined: "A virtue infused by God into our soul, by which we firmly believe and hold as true whatever He has revealed and the Church proposes to our belief, whether or no it be contained in the Bible."

Religious faith is supernatural in its source, for it is a gift of God; it is supernatural in its object, which regards God Himself; it is supernatural in its motive, which is the infallible testimony, or revelation, of God; it is supernatural in its evidence, which is the authority of the infallible Church commissioned by Jesus Christ to preach and define the truths He Himself revealed.

Supernatural faith necessarily imparts *infallible* certainty. The reason of this is, that there can be no deception in God either as to His knowledge or as to the manner or means of His communicating His revelation to mankind. Because God is truth itself, the object of faith, that is, what He reveals, is necessarily true, and is one and unchangeable, like truth itself. Supernatural faith, therefore, must be one and unchangeable, and exclusive of error, which thrives only in changeable doctrines.

The certainty imparted by supernatural faith is so much superior to every natural certainty, as God's knowledge and veracity are infinitely superior to the knowledge and veracity of creatures. God knows all things; He is, therefore, not liable to err or to be mistaken; He knows infinitely more than all angels and men combined. God is the eternal Truth; He, therefore, cannot possibly deceive. God, moreover, is almighty; He, therefore, cannot fail in the choice of a suitable and fully competent medium to impart His revelation to mankind. This medium

is His Church, the Catholic Church, and no other. From all this it follows that supernatural faith, to be really such, necessarily excludes all manner of doubt and hesitation, and all mere opinions.

Opinion is assent to some proposition, without any real certainty as to its truth. Whenever the testimony of the witnesses is contradictory, or when the matter in question is not sufficiently clear, we either doubt altogether, or we form an opinion based on what we consider the more reliable testimony, or the more weighty reasons. If, however, we afterwards discover a more weighty reason for the other side, we change our opinion; and as long as we have not acquired positive certainty, we are liable to change our opinion.

But supernatural faith, in its defined object, excludes all doubt and hesitation, every kind of uncertainty and, consequently, all mere opinions, because, as we have seen, supernatural faith produces absolute certainty. Since there is no possibility of error or deception in supernatural faith, there cannot be any changeableness in it; neither faith nor the truths of faith are changeable. Therefore those who vary in their religious tenets, that is, who believe one day doctrines which are at variance with those they previously believed, and later on again change their religious tenets, or who constantly vary their religious doctrines, or always seek to adapt them to the times, such persons do not possess supernatural or divine faith, but only changeable human opinions.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

HOME DEVOTIONS OF LONG AGO

St. Luke tells of the Infant Jesus that "the child grew and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in him." (2, 40.) To most of us the simple home of Nazareth must appear as a beautiful sanctuary, where angels gladly hovered round, and where daily life formed one long, delightful prayer. Scripture has given us no details. Let us then cast a hurried glance over the customs then in vogue—how they used to pray at home then. It is hard to be exact in such matters because the formula of prayer often depends upon the condition of the age and the number, upon the piety of the individuals. It is the natural impulse of the human heart to pray and speak with God at times. The picture of Paradise is all the more charming just because it shows us God speaking with men. Later on we trace the history of men by a series of sacrifices and altars, all of which must have been

accompanied by prayer. Moses taught the people what prayers to utter on certain occasions, and taught them how to sing God's praises. Then when David's Psalms formed part of public worship and became familiar to all, it is only natural to suppose that they soon filtered into home devotions also. Of Daniel we read that he prayed three times a day. One of the Psalmists asserts that he prayed seven times a day. And very probably, in the times of Christ, when the Pharisees had cast their network of minutest laws over all the details of daily life, this was the ordinary number. Their anxiety on this head is clear from the fact that an entire treatise of the Talmud is devoted to it. It is the treatise called *Berachoth*.

Early Morning. Morning prayers were distinctly recommended in Holy Writ. Just turn over to Ps. 87: "But I, O Lord, have cried to thee, and in the morning my prayers shall prevent thee", as if he could be beforehand with God. It seems to have been customary with Judith to pray before daybreak for "she desired that she might have the liberty to go out at night and before the dawn to pray." If we open the book of Wisdom, at the sixteenth chapter, we are surprised by some beautiful reflections on the forces of nature; how all do God's bidding, how they burn to avenge all dishonor done to God by sinners, and how they are ready to temper their power so as to favor him who serves God becomingly. From this the sacred writer draws the lesson of morning prayers: "that it might be known to all, that we must prevent the sun to bless thee and adore thee at the dawning of light." Nor was this lesson lost. See how the Talmud laws insisted on the duty of sanctifying the first moments of the day. The Jew's first concern should be for purity and prayer. He should not make four steps before washing his hands and face. To touch the eyes, the mouth, the ears, nose, or even one hand with the other before washing, might bring disease on the part touched. The details of this washing were accurately enumerated. While pouring the water thrice over each hand, he was to say: "Blessed art Thou, who hast given us the command to wash the hands." After this the morning prayer must be recited: "My God, the soul which thou hast given me is pure. Thou hast created it and breathed it into me. Thou wilt take it from me and restore it to me again. While this soul lives in me, I thank thee, O eternal One, my God and the God of my fathers, Lord of all works, King of all souls. Praised be Thou, O eternal One, who returnest the souls to their dead bodies."

At Stated Hours. One little gasp at prayer was not enough. Other prayers were to be recited in the course of the day. We will notice the Shema, and Shemoneh Esreh. First of all the Shema. This was really a patch-work of Scripture-passages, drawn from Deuteronomy 6, 4-9, 11, 13-21, and Numbers 15, 37-41. Its antiquity is clear from the fact that even Josephus, who lived about the time of Christ, calls it "ancient." It probably formed part of the temple ritual, long before its fall. In length, it would cover about a page and a half of our Liguorian; so we will spare the reader. Just listen to the opening words: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Blessed be the name of his glorious kingdom forever. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy strength."

Surely a wholesome thought is this, and one that cannot be too deeply engraven on our memories. This prayer had to be said morning and evening. But the time-limit? The evening prayer could be begun when the priests consumed the remnants of the evening sacrifice. When was the time for its recitation over? Rabbi Elieser taught: "at the first night-watch," about 9 P. M. The common opinion extended the period till midnight. But Rabbi Gamaliel prolonged it till the appearance of dawn. When could one begin to say his morning Shema? Common opinion held: "as soon as one could distinguish between blue and white." Rabbi Elieser contradicted this: "not till one can distinguish between blue and leek-green." As blue and white are easily distinguished they suppose an early hour, while blue and leek-green suppose broad-daylight. How long does the time-limit last? It may be said till the sun appears; or, as Rabbi Joshua claims: "till the third hour (about 9 A. M.) for it is the custom of children of the princes not to rise till that hour." Now a few details about its recitation, especially what attention was requisite. Suppose a person were reading the Bible and came to the prayer-passages just at prayer-time, did he fulfil his obligations of prayer? The case is solved thus: "if he thought of it, he satisfied the law; else he is still bound to say it." The pronunciation, too, was discussed; "he that prays the Shema in such a way as not to hear his own prayer, has fulfilled his duty. Rabbi Jose says he has not done so at all." As to the reading: "he who prays and does not notice the letters of the words, satisfies his obligations," thinks Rabbi Jose. While in the opinion of Rabbi Jehuda he does not satisfy the law. He who recites his prayers in the wrong order has not discharged his duty. He who makes a mistake must begin

again where the mistake occurred. Lastly, as to place of recitation: this prayer was used everywhere, in the market, on the streets, in the houses; in a word, wherever a person was overtaken by prayer-hour. Thus the Talmud: "a man surprised by prayer-time while up in a tree gathering fruit, must say his Shema there." If he be on the top of a wall, he must pray there.

A few words about the other prayer: *Shemoneh Esreh*. This title means "eighteen," referring to the eighteen paragraphs that originally composed it. Now there are nineteen paragraphs. Its contents would cover more than two and one-half pages here. So we may be glad that Our Lord left us the shorter form of the Our Father. Some doubt its antiquity because it alludes to the fall of Jerusalem and the end of sacrifices. However it is more probable that these allusions were inserted later on. The Talmud treats of it under its present title, and the names of the disputants belong to the beginning of the second century. The variety of points under discussion proves that it must have been in use for a long time then already. So it is quite safe to say that the groundwork reaches back to the days of Our Lord.

This prayer was still further enlarged by insertions made on occasion of greater feasts. The twelfth paragraph is an interesting one. It was added in the council of Jabneh, held about 91 B. C. It reads thus: "to slanderers let there be no hope, and let all the workers of iniquity perish in a moment, and let them all speedily be cut off, and humble them speedily in our days." Now according to such an authority as Schurer, the present word "slanderers" (*malshinim*) stands for the original "apostates" (*minim*). The Fathers of the Church understood this as referring to Christians; as Schurer remarks: "they were not altogether wrong when understanding it, principally of Jewish Christians." Hence St. Jerome in his commentary on *Isaias* notes that the Jews heap curses on the Christians three times a day. Well—however that may have been—may they all be converted some day, and learn to see in Our Lord and God, Jesus Christ, the greatest glory of their nation. And we are glad to see how the Popes protected them, from St. Gregory the Great down to our present Pope Pius X, who through his secretary Cardinal Merry del Val, refused all sympathy with the outcry recently raised against them. This long prayer came to be the chief prayer of the Israelite. It was called simply: "the prayer." It had to be recited three times a day: morning, noon, and evening. Its importance is clear by the fact that not only men were bound to say it, but even the women, children, and slaves.

At Meal-time Also. Here the program was pretty heavily crowded. Meal prayers rest on the solid foundation of good sense and God's recommendation. The book of Deuteronomy, 8, 10, describes the wealth of the Promised Land, and then concludes: "that when thou hast eaten and art full, thou mayest bless the Lord thy God for the excellent gifts which he has given thee." Grace was said before and after meals, and often according to a long formula, including an entire Psalm. Of course, they must commence with an ablution, which was again accompanied by prayer.

The Talmud prescribes a special prayer for almost every kind of food to be taken. "If any one has eaten figs, grapes and pomegranates, he must say three blessings afterwards. At least such is the opinion of Rabbi Gamaliel. While others think that one blessing covering all three will suffice." Thus different formulas are devised for wine, vinegar, bread, vegetables, fruits of the trees, fruits of the ground, unripe fruits, etc. The question is asked: what amount of food demands the saying of prayers? "For food the size of an olive. But Rabbi Jehuda thinks: the size of an egg." Suppose anyone has eaten and forgotten to say grace. According to the school of Schammai, he must go back to his place and say it there. The school of Hillel was more lenient: let him say it where he remembers it. Again, how long does the obligation to say grace last? Till the food is digested.

Thus the true Israelite prayed frequently enough. Rabbi Jochana sighs: "would to God that men prayed all day long." No wonder that we find this same spirit breathing in an author of the Middle Ages, Maimonides: "Every Israelite should be penetrated at all times with reverence for his Creator. The one, great thought of a devout and pious person should be: I have set the Lord continually before me."

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

LENTEN DAYS

Sad, dear days of Lent!
 Now lengthen your gray hours:
 If so we may repent
 Before the time of flowers.
 Majestical, austere,
 The sanctuaries look stern:
 All silent! all severe!
 Save where the lone lamps burn.

—Lionel Johnson.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"You might have left it behind you, for all the good it will do. Sure he couldn't say Mass with that."

"Of course he could. Isn't it first-class imported wine?"

"But it came from the saloon. Don't I mind the time when Father O'Callahan, our parish Priest in the old country, made Peter walk ten good miles early Sunday morning to get a bottle of wine from the Monks, rather than say Mass with wine from the saloon keeper across the street, and don't I mind the day—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Carr," cried Father Casey, stalking into the room where a few faithful members of the Altar Society were mending vestments, "if you would use your needle more and your tongue less, these good ladies would not have to wear their fingers off trying to finish up the work."

"Indeed, Father Tim, it's delicate fingers they have if all the sewing they do would wear them off."

"Well, one thing I know; everything about the altar of this church, everything worn by the Priest and the servers, is the talk of the town, it is so neat and tasty. You can put the blame for that where you like. But tell me the cause of all this disturbance. You were preaching a sermon when I came in, Mrs. Carr; what was the text?"

"Here, Reverend Father, is the text," said Mrs. Ridgely, upwrapping a quart bottle of wine. "The saloon keeper's wife across the way called me when she saw me coming to the church, and asked me to bring you this present. They just had a case imported from France. She said you could use it on the altar."

"And I told her you could do no such thing—you couldn't say Holy Mass with wine that had been in a saloon. Of course, I don't blame Mrs. Ridgely for not knowing better, seeing she is a convert."

"Wherefore we do blame you for making such a foolish statement, seeing you are not a convert. It is clear you were wool-gathering while the old school-master was explaining that part in the catechism."

"But didn't Father O'Callahan, our parish Priest in the old country, tell us he couldn't say Mass with wine from the saloon?"

"That is not because the wine had been in the saloon, but because there is always danger that saloon wine is not the pure juice of the grape."

"And would that make a very great difference, Father?" asked Mrs. Spiess, a demure little widow of sixty.

"So much difference," said Father Casey, "that should a Priest, even unknowingly, say Mass with wine which was made, in great part, from anything else but grapes, it would be no Mass at all."

"What is the reason of that, Father?" asked Mrs. Ridgely.

"I will tell you the reason: we cannot have any sacrament unless we use the *material* which Our Divine Saviour has designated for that sacrament. For the sacrament of Holy Eucharist, or Holy Mass, He has designated bread made from wheaten flour and wine made from grapes. Therefore, if the Priest should accidentally use hosts made from anything but wheaten flour, or if he should use wine made from currants, or wine which was very strongly adulterated with whiskey, or which had soured into vinegar, the Mass would be invalid—it would be no Mass at all."

"Please, Father, explain all that to us; it will be so interesting."

"Yes, Father Casey, please do," came several voices in chorus.

"The explanation is short and simple, and when I shall have finished, you will say that you knew it all long ago. The seven sacraments have been instituted by Christ to give grace. Christ could quite as easily give us this grace without any such external sign as a sacrament, but for good reasons He chooses not to do so. But if the external sign was not clearly defined we would not know when we received this grace and when we did not. Therefore Christ Himself has pointed out the *material thing*, as well as the *formula of words* which He wishes to be used for each sacrament. Therefore if we use the *material* and the *formula* which Christ has instituted we have the sacrament; if we fail to use the one or the other we have no sacrament. A sacrament is made up of a combination of *material things* and *human words*, but no combinations of *material things* and *human words* have the *divine* power of conferring grace except those to which a Divine Person has given that power. But do not think that all the words and actions of the Priest while administering a sacrament are absolutely necessary for the validity of that sacrament. No, they are mostly ceremonies, which the Church has added to the original *material* and *formula* instituted by Christ, in order to safeguard the reverence due to such holy things as the sacraments.

"For instance, in the sacrament of Holy Eucharist the only words that pertain to the *formula* instituted by Christ are the words which the

Priest pronounces at the Consecration while bending over the altar with the host or the chalice in his hand: 'This is My Body—This is the chalice of My Blood, of the new and eternal testament, which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sin.' All the other words of the Mass are merely prayers added by the Church.

"In like manner, in Baptism, pouring water on the head of the person to be baptized and saying at the same time: 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' constitute the *material* and *formula* instituted by Christ. Everything else—the salt which is put in the person's mouth, the Holy Oil with which he is anointed, the lighted candle, the white cloth—all are merely ceremonies added by the Church, but they are ceremonies full of deep and beautiful meaning. If some mistake were made in these ceremonies it would not interfere with the validity of the sacrament."

"What are the *material* and *formula* instituted by Christ to make up the sacrament of Confirmation?"

"The *material* is Holy Chrism, or a mixture of olive oil and balm blessed by the Bishop. Balm is the sweet-smelling juice of the olive tree, and olive oil is the liquid pressed from olives—"

"In this heathen country it is pressed from cotton seeds," interposed Mrs. Carr.

"If such oil were used, the Confirmation would be null and void. But you may rest assured the Bishop takes good care about that, Mrs. Carr. However, I'm half inclined to think you must have been confirmed with cotton-seed oil, you're such a poor Christian."

"Don't mind her, Father Casey, but tell us the rest about Confirmation."

"Holy Chrism is the *material*, but while anointing you with it the Bishop must impose his hand over your head, for the imposition of hands pertains to the substance of this sacrament as well as the anointing with oil. The *formula* which he must recite is this: 'I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I confirm thee with the Chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'"

"Oil blessed by the Bishop is also the *material* of the sacrament of Extreme Unction, but here it is not mixed with balm. The Priest begins by anointing your eyes, and while doing so he must repeat the *formula*: 'By this holy anointing and through His most sweet mercy may the Lord forgive whatever sins thou hast committed through thy sight.' He repeats the same *formula* while anointing the other senses

THE MORNING AFTER

Synopsis of the Story.—This Story opened in the December, 1913, number of the Liguorian. Marguerite Niederkorn in Aix La Chapelle, Germany, is making her First Communion. Growing up she emigrates to America to take service in the aristocratic family of the Piersons at Pulaski, Georgia, on the Chattahoochee River. Meets and marries George Schneiderhahn, a young carpenter, a Lutheran. George dies and leaves her a widow with one child, Karl. Marguerite neglected her religion for 40 years. Is brought to a sense of her duty by the sinners' bell at a mission. Her great task in life now is to bring her unbaptized son, Karl into the Church. Karl falls in love with Grace Maloney, a model Catholic young lady living next door and proposing marriage to her is turned down on the plea that he is not a Catholic. Grace's mischievous little brother of ten listens to the entire conversation from behind the piano.

"I call that a contemptible trick," said Father Johnson, his black eyes flashing. "A boy capable of that could never come to any good. Contemptible eavesdropping!" and, with a stick he held in his hand, flicked off a beautiful wild rose that trailed over the bank.

"That's just what Karl thought," replied the Missionary, "as he stood there anger flaming in his eyes and biting his lip. I think if he had hold of Willie just at that moment, that young gentleman might have a case of assault and battery to make out. But, as it was, he simply ejaculated through his clinched teeth, 'the little scoundrel!'"

Outside in the hall, though, there were more signs of life. There was a lively shuffling of feet, Willie giggling uncontrollably and Grace hissing no uncertain words into his ears. I veritably believe that was one occasion when Grace usurped her mother's prerogative and gave Willie a good cuffing. But I'm not certain. She was always so gentle and so ladylike it's hard to believe it. At any rate she returned to the parlor after a few moments, and in evident distress apologized for Willie's ungentlemanly conduct. The savage frown on Karl's brow faded away and he burst into a hearty laugh. Another moment and they were both laughing and chatting gayly as if nothing untoward had happened. Benign Laughter, thou comest like the flowers of May to drink up the tears of April; with fairy wand thou touchest the brow of care, and with sunshine of gladness, thou drivest away the clouds of sorrow. Willie had been forcibly ejected through the back door, and meeting his dog, Carlo, a great shaggy St. Bernard, he flung his arms around his neck and rolling over together in the grass he laughed with great glee for several minutes.

Don't you remember I told you in the beginning that Willie was of a rather inquisitive turn of mind? pursued the Missionary. A few minutes later Karl and Grace heard a rush of feet alongside the house and down the walk towards the front gate. Looking through the window they saw Willie and Carlo in hot chase after the cat of Mr. Petersen, a neighbor across the street.

"Did they catch it?" exclaimed Father Johnson excitedly.

We both laughed heartily at Father Johnson, and the Missionary remarked, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Why, Father Johnson, you are as inquisitive as Willie."

Father Johnson looked a little sheepish, but soon rallied.

"Well, I don't care, that eavesdropping is a mean thing. But, I guess the poor boy had no malice. He just wanted to get back at Grace. Don't you think so?"

"He certainly turned the tables on her, anyway," responded the Missionary.

"And he had his revenge, too," I said, "for the badinage of Grace in regard to the snipe and plover hunt. What a dreadful thing for Karl and Grace if Willie would let that cat out of the bag. Life would hardly be worth living for them. Just think what a humiliation for a young man who for days and weeks and months, and sometimes even for years has been trying to get his courage up to the sticking point to pop the question, and then, after all to get the mitt; and worst of all, to have a fellow like Willie Maloney behind the piano taking it all in."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Father Johnson.

"Horrible, indeed!" said the Missionary.

When Karl took his leave a little later, whatever had transpired in the meantime, he didn't look like a man without hope. On the sidewalk he met Willie and Carlo returning from their unsuccessful chase.

"Say, Willie," said Karl, with his most insinuating smile, the kind he generally put on for his customers, "do you know how to hold your tongue?"

"O—yes—I—reckon—so," replied Willie, looking demure.

"Well, I want you to hold it, do you understand?"

"Y-a-a-s," said Willie.

Karl dug down into his pocket and brought up something.

"Good night, Willie!" and he dropped that something into Willie's hand.

The setting sun lit up all the western sky with yellow flame. Willie looked into his hand. It was a big, round dollar. Willie's lips drew into a pucker, and he emitted a long, low whistle.

"Gee, whiz!" he said. "Come, Carlo!" and going up the walk he executed three hand-springs to Carlo's great delight, who barked uproariously.

I.

When the family assembled for dinner that evening, Grace was rather more quiet than usual, and she occasionally darted a furtive glance at Willie who was deeply immersed in the mysteries of his plate. But a close observer might have noticed a ghost of a smile flit across his features from time to time and linger impishly around the corners of his mouth and eyes. No one, however, noticed this except the one **for whom it was intended**. Neither Grace nor Willie had much to say that evening. They made good listeners. Now and again a look of pain would spread over his mobile features and his left hand would go up to the side of his head and slowly move caressingly down his neck, while he would wince under this treatment. The little rascal! he hadn't been hurt a bit. Then, more than once, his right hand gently laid down the knife it held, and slipped down into his trousers'-pocket to grasp good and tight and press hard, that dollar, as though to reassure himself it was really there. Then, a thoughtful expression would follow like the shadow of a cloud on a wheat field. What could not a dollar buy for a boy of ten? And Christmas so near.

Grace pleaded a headache and retired early, and Willie had lessons to con for the morrow. When Grace reached her room and away from observant eyes, she sat down in a low rocker she had, and slowly rocking to and fro, fell into a brown study. 'Twas a question of "to be, or not to be," and I believe the "melancholy Dane" was not more perplexed than she. At last, she went over to a little shrine erected in the corner, where she was accustomed to say her prayers, and kneeling before the statue of the "Sacred Heart" she put her hands over her eyes and knelt silent and erect for quite a while. This was where Grace solved many little problems of her own. Then, reciting her customary night-prayers, she retired to bed. Willie, in his room opened his geography. The lesson was the Principalities of Germany. What boy of ten could ever master those? He began bravely. But when he reached Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Altenburg, Schwarzburg-Rud, Schwarz-Sond, Reuss-Juru, the little head with its brown curls began to nod. He straightened up and rubbed his eyes. Then, as a vision of Christmas joys flashed into his mind, he fished that dollar out of his pocket, made a few attempts to flip it up his sleeve, as jugglers do, whirled around the room a few times, dervish-like, out of the sheer exuberance of life, then, with one spring he landed in the middle of the bed, and standing on his head gave several vigorous kicks in the air. After this

varied performance he slid on his knees and burying his face in the coverlet *went through* his night prayers.

"I wouldn't indorse such night prayers as those," snapped Father Johnson.

"I don't defend him," replied the Missionary, a little sadly, with the air of one who had seen worse things, but like the case of Sterne's "Uncle Toby": "The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

A few moments more and he was snugly clasped in the arms of Morpheus to store up new energy for the strenuous day to follow.

One of Mr. Maloney's pet theories was that a family should live a family life. "Otherwise," he would say, "home becomes only a boarding and lodging house." The family life in the Maloney home was truly beautiful. He had heard a missionary say once in a sermon at a mission that the Christian Home represented Heaven. In Heaven God reigns supreme. And the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost fill Heaven and make it what it is. The Father loves the Son, the Son loves the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeding from Father and Son is the love of Father and Son. Thus St. John writes "Deus Caritas Est. God is Love." Now, in the Christian home the Father of the family represents God the Father, the Mother represents God the Son, and the Child proceeding from the incarnated love of both represents God the Holy Ghost. This beautiful thought entirely captivated Mr. Maloney's mind and heart. "My home," he said to himself, "must be such a heaven on earth." And he bent every energy to bring this about. He was ably seconded by his wife. Even in their earlier days, the days of stress and struggle, it was so. And as wealth and prosperity came with the years, the spirit in the home did not change, only they were able to beautify their heaven more and more. Each day revolved on four hinges, breakfast at seven, lunch at twelve, dinner at six, and night prayer at nine. These events happened each day in the Maloney home with the regularity of a Religious Community. Every member of the family was present, too, and willingly. They had been trained to it from the cradle. They knew no other way. I do not mean to say that there was never an exception, that no one was ever absent. But it seldom happened. If company came in the evening and remained after nine, night prayer would follow their departure. Every evening after

dinner the family assembled in the parlor, or in Summer on the front or back verandah and indulged in innocent amusement of some kind. I'm sure there was hardly a moment of the day that Mr. and Mrs. Maloney didn't know the whereabouts of their children. The children all voted home the pleasantest place to pass an evening they could find, and they were seldom absent. As for round dancing, not one of them knew a thing about it. Mrs. Maloney had very set views on round-dancing. "I never danced such dances," she said, "and I don't want my children to dance them. Even if the Church did not frown upon them, I would have my children eschew them as coarse and vulgar." And Mr. Maloney even went her one better. "I look upon round-dancing of any kind," he said, "as a mild form of sexuality set to music, as chicken-pox is a mild form of small-pox."

"Yes," chimed in Father Johnson, "and I believe they're right. The Church has always frowned on them as dangerous occasions of sin. You never heard of a Saint dancing them."

"No," I said, "not after they became saints anyway. They acquired sainthood by scourges and fasting, not by 'tripping the light fantastic toe.'"

"Anyway," continued the Missionary, "the Maloney home was quite the rendezvous for the friends of the family, young and old, and a social evening there was eagerly anticipated. Their behavior in this respect gave a real tone to the Catholic congregation, for most families followed their good example. Father Horrell considered himself singularly blessed to have such a family in his congregation.

II.

The breakfast bell rang on Monday morning at the usual hour and the family assembled promptly. After Mr. Maloney had said grace all sat down and Nancy, the colored waitress, daughter of Aunt Chloe, the cook, appeared with a steaming tray of mutton chops and slap-jacks. Now, if Willie Maloney had one weak point, it was for slap-jacks. And Aunt Chloe was a slap-jack artist. Anne said that Aunt Chloe's slap-jacks were as light as down, and Anne, being a teacher in the High School at ninety dollars a month, knew all about down. Willie echoed the judgment. So, when Nancy's shuffling step was heard coming up from the kitchen, Willie's eye was cocked in that direction, and when he saw his beloved slap-jacks coming, brown and fluffy, he sat straight up in his chair, opened his eyes wide, and drew a long breath,

at the same time stealing a sly glance at Grace and winking with his right eye. The mutton-chops were deposited in front of Mr. Maloney and the slap-jacks were brought down with the coffee to Mrs. Maloney. Both began to serve on separate plates at the same time. Willie stood up and whispered to his mother:

"Won't you give me my slap-jacks now, I have to go over my geography lesson again after breakfast."

"Mother," said Patrick, the oldest, from the other end of the table, "don't believe a word of that, let him sit down and take his time."

But Mrs. Maloney had already placed three large ones in front of Willie; and that young hopeful, with a smile of triumph was reaching for the Louisiana molasses. He disdained maple syrup.

"You never know where it goes to," he said, "but this," pouring out a thick stream of black molasses, which slowly spread over the top of the cakes and, like molten lava, rushed over the sides, streaming down on the plate, "you can see and taste."

And without more ado, completely ignoring the mutton-chop Anne had laid at his place, he gave his undivided attention to the slap-jacks and molasses. At each mouthful he looked straight at Grace in a very meaning way, who became more and more uncomfortable before this rapid-fire of glances. At last, in sheer desperation, she said, looking at her father:

"We received quite an acquisition to the choir yesterday."

"Is that so?" replied her father, "whom pray?"

"Two gentlemen and a lady—two brothers, Messrs. John and Joe Gogarty, from Boston, lately settled here, Father Horrell tells me, and Miss Queen, the young lady trained nurse who had charge of Mr. Schneiderhahn at the Infirmary."

At the mention of the word Schneiderhahn Willie gave a loud "ahem!"

Every one looked at him.

"My son," said Mr. Maloney, "be careful, don't choke."

"Who are these Gogarty's?" he said to Grace.

"Two 'varsity men. They're products of the Boston High School. John, the elder, studied law and Joe, the younger, medicine at Harvard."

"You don't say," say Anne, straightening up, "'varsity men! They will, indeed, be quite an acquisition here. We must get them into our Wiseman Reading Circle."

"Yes," said Patrick, "and into our Irving Dramatic Club."

"I wonder if they can shoot," said Willie. "I know where there's lots of fox squirrels."

"Goodness!" laughed Mrs. Maloney, "they'll have to be all-round men to satisfy the demand of everybody."

"How was it, they never went to a Catholic school?" asked Mr. Maloney. "I'm sure there are plenty of them in Boston. That's the intellectual hub of the universe, isn't it?"

"Yes, so they say," replied Anne, "and, if I mistake not, it's also quite a Catholic hub."

"Well, I don't take much stock in those Catholics who don't go to a Catholic school when it's possible," said Mr. Maloney, frowning a little. "Still, they must be good fellows, and well recommended if Father Horrell stands for them."

"John is going to practise law at once," said Grace, "he has gone in with Bolingbroke on Fifth Street."

"What! Bolingbroke! That politician!" said Patrick. "He's nothing but a carpet-bagger. He got into a bad nest there."

"And Joe," continued Grace, "has a position already at the Infirmary as Intern. You know they've had none since Dr. Kruger died."

"That's good for him," said Mr. Maloney. "What kind of voices have they?"

"Joe has a beautiful tenor and John, a light baritone. I'm sure they'll be quite a help to the choir."

"The choir needed some male voices," said Catherine. "What kind of a singer is Miss Queen, Grace?"

"She has a fine contralto, and reads music fluently. She surprised us all at the rehearsal."

"I hear that she almost lives at Schneiderhahn's," said Mrs. Maloney.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Willie.

"O, yes," said Anne, "Lucy Larcom told me yesterday that she's dead in love with Karl; his patience and gentleness at the Infirmary quite captivated her."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Willie.

"Yes!" said Patrick, "the boys down town told me he never cussed once."

"Well, no wonder," said Anne, "with Miss Queen's threatening eye on him. Who would?"

"Well, I guess, besides his patience and gentleness, his money also helped to captivate her," said Patrick.

"Let us not judge others," said Mr. Maloney.

"I hear that Miss Queen is a rabid Prohibitionist, is it true?" asked Mrs. Maloney.

"Yes, it's only too true," said Patrick. "Dr. Weatherly told me the other day, that she had charge of one of his patients at the Infirmary and that she had pitched some of the medicine he prescribed out of the window."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Maloney, "she must be a Tartar. What kind of medicine was it?"

"It was two bottles of beer," replied Patrick; at which there was a general laugh.

"Marguerite likes her very much," said Mrs. Maloney, "she has discovered some very fine traits of character in her."

"Without doubt," said Mr. Maloney, "if a woman starts for a man she'll be very apt to land him."

"Oh!" broke in Willie, with the last quarter of a slap-jack poised half-way between the plate and his mouth, "she'll have her trouble for her pains, I can tell you that."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Maloney, "what does a child like you know about such things?"

Willie opened his mouth to say something, but just then the dining room door opened and a fine healthy specimen of an agricultural gentleman stood framed in the doorway, smiling like a basket of chips.

"Uncle Stanhope!" all exclaimed. "Welcome! welcome!"

Sure enough 'twas Mrs. Maloney's bachelor brother who lived eighteen miles away on a plantation, Mr. Stanhope Longford Moriarty.

Uncle Stanhope took Mr. Maloney's and Patrick's hands in a grip of steel, kissed his three nieces with a fatherly affection, but when he came to Willie he said:

"Why, Willie, I see your beard has not sprouted yet!"

And, seizing that young gent in both his strong arms, he began to rub his chin with two days' growth of stubble on it all over that part of his face which was supposed to sprout a beard, in spite of the protests and struggles of the unwilling victim. That rubbing had all the effect of a thorough curry-combing as Willie's reddened face testified. Then came a special breakfast of eggs and bacon for Uncle Stanhope, with fresh, hot slap-jacks, all of which were brought up by Nancy who

came "with a smile and a tear in her eye." The entire family sat around and watched the breakfast disappear and asked and answered questions. At last Uncle Stanhope said:

"Now, you may all go about your business and Willie will help me unload the wagon."

So out they went to the stable lot where the wagon had been driven. Uncle Mose, Aunt Chloe's dear husband, had already attended to the horses, and he, too, came out to help unload. To work they went, bringing the treasures down to the kitchen. There were four big fat turkeys. How Aunt Chloe's eyes did shine when she saw them! There was a twenty-pound shoat with a beautiful rosy apple in his mouth. Mose lifted it gingerly and carried it with reverence. Then a bushel of splendid yams which only Brandywine County could grow. There was a lamb, the finest of the flock. There were two bushels of magnificent red apples, the kind that tempted Mother Eve. And last, but not least, a fine ten-pound opossum which the boys on the plantation had treed and killed only two nights before. When Uncle Mose saw that his knees trembled and he looked at Uncle Stanhope out of the corner of his eyes:

"'Fore de Lord, Marse Stanhope, you surely is a gemman!"

While the things were being brought in Aunt Chloe's eyes kept getting larger and larger, but when the 'possum came tenderly clasped in Mose's arms, she could contain herself no longer.

"De Lord bless yo!" she exclaimed, "I believe the heavens done busted loose."

In the April Liguorian: "Uncle Stanhope Takes a Hand In The Game."

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

THE REMORSE OF THE LOST

Remorse is always painful. But what an agony it must be in hell! While yet on earth, we would not take time to reflect; now the sinner has an eternity for reflection, amid the anguish of hell. "What a wretched trifle has brought me here!" And, in fact, how long does the pleasure and gain of sin last? Only a passing moment. But even let it last a life-long, is it worth hell? To a person lying on his bed of death, the longest life seems but as the dream of an instant. But once lowered into the depths of an eternal hell—with what grief would we look back upon these fleeting years? How much shorter will they seem when a hundred years have passed in hell—nay, a thousand and a million years?

When after ages of unspeakable torment, the thought arises: and yet, my eternity is only beginning. Then will sinners realize: for those foolish pleasures I purchased this misery! Those pleasures were over in a few minutes, and this agony will endure forever. How will the damned sinner writhe in despair at that thought: "Cast away forever; no more hope for me!" Thank God, there is time yet. Only do not be foolish.

Then, as if cut to the quick by a lash, a second thought pierces his soul: how little was needed to escape all this. The remedy was so simple. All I needed to do was to submit to my confessor, to return to him a little oftener or sooner. Had I but prayed a little more! Had I avoided that abominable occasion of sin. . . . What would it have cost me to do so? Perhaps a little extra exertion, a little sacrifice. And even had it cost me a great deal of labor and worry—how gladly would I accept it now, and a thousand times more! But I was stubbornly foolish, and now must pay the bitter price. No, I cannot blame God. Often did His holy inspirations whisper in my conscience. In many ways he warned me to change my course, else this hell would be my end. I smiled. Prevention was an easy matter then, but now there is no cure. Keener than the piercing flames, bitterer than the demons' sneers, will be the woe of that single thought: "Easily could I have been happy forever, and now I am forever accursed! Oh, what a fool I was!" Thank God, there is still time to think.

Though the damned may groan in inconsolable wretchedness, the worm of conscience will know no pity. Yes, in life conscience gnaws, but as a feeble worm easily trodden into silence; while in hell, its bite will be as a viper's, instilling the poison of despair. "See, all I lost: heaven, bliss, and God." Only amid the pangs of hunger do we realize the blessings of our daily bread. Only amid the weariness of disease, do we realize the boon of health. Only amid the endless weeping of hell will we realize the loss of heaven, and all our folly in wilfully throwing it away. Then at last will we see how much God has strained every nerve, so to speak, in order to bring us to heaven, not refusing even the awful death of Calvary to merit for us the grace of winning heaven. "Yes, my path through life was strewn with graces, graces of good example, of sermons, of prayer, and of sacraments. And I trampled upon all. By my own fault have I come to this. My reflections are too late, my weeping and gnashing of teeth must go on forever more. How foolish I was!"

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Anecdotes</h2>	
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TWO KINDS OF WEALTH

A poor hard-working woman was walking along a road in the outskirts of Berlin when a passing driver set the brakes on his powerful auto, looked up and down the road to see that he was not observed, and then addressed her.

"Woman, I believe you have a kind heart. Here in this bundle is a new-born infant. My wife refuses to keep it. We would be disgraced were we to place it in an asylum. Here are ten thousand francs. Take it and bring it up as one of your own."

"Sir," said the woman, "though I have five children of my own and live in poverty, I must refuse."

"What, refuse to take this child. Does not your love for your own little ones"

"I do not refuse the child; I refuse the ten thousand francs." And she pressed the little outcast to her breast and hurried away.

Which was the richer woman—the woman who possessed autos and gold and mansions and lands, or the woman who possessed a true motherly heart?

WHICH WAS THE MORE MANLY MAN?

I saw them both. They were among the crowd hurrying past the arched door of a Catholic church. One was a working-man with his overalls, his hob-nailed shoes, his dinner pail, and his honest, weather-beaten face. The other was not. I knew it by the aroma of his Havana cigar; I knew it by the quick flash of light from his diamond ring as he lifted the cigar to his lips. The poor man was a Catholic who believed that Jesus Christ was present on the altar of that church under the form of the Sacred Host, for he reverently lifted his hat as he passed before the door of the church. The other was not for he laughed at the working-man's action, and muttered something to the person beside him of "relics of the dark ages being found even in free America".

Which of the two was the more manly man? The laborer who offered a respectful, soldier-like salute to his God, or the capitalist who openly sneered at this act of honest faith?

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

We are well aware that the vast majority of Catholic women would rather rule through the home than through the ballot box; they believe the saying: "The woman that exercises no influence upon the destinies of the nation except on election day is pitiable indeed." But all this is aside from the question. We do not ask: Should women have the suffrage? We ask: Should women, when they have the suffrage, make use of it? We answer: Assuredly, yes! We read daily of proposed laws to levy additional millions for new schemes of Godless education, laws to give public school pupils free breakfasts and free car rides at the expense of the taxpayer, laws to teach sex-hygiene, laws to "investigate" convents, to tax churches, to multiply divorces. The "new woman" who is itching for the vote, is the very person to vote for these laws, and if our Catholic women stay at home, these laws will be carried. Hence it is the duty of the Catholic women to vote at every election. The crisis may not be imminent; but it is bound to come, and they should begin now so that they will be able to make a proper use of the ballot in the time of need. The mere moral force of their action will be a power for good. In a state where 100,000 Catholic women go to the polls at every election, politicians will not dare to cater to anti-Catholic bigotry. Catholic women, learn to vote and to vote intelligently!

BANISH DEVIL WITH HOLY WATER AND FACTS

"The Catholic schools are behind the times, and the public schools are up to date!" "The children learn much better in the public schools!" "It is only in the public schools that they have facilities for teaching modern branches!" "Children from the public schools can make their way in the world much better than children from the Catholic schools!"

My dear Catholic parents, if the devil ever puts these thoughts into your head, dip your finger in the holy water fount, and make a devout sign of the Cross. If that does not banish the temptation, read the following facts.

These statements concerning the *public schools* of Chicago were contributed to the daily Record-Herald of that city:

Jan. 12, Clark D. Osborn, head of the firm of C. D. Osborn Company, says: "We send our boys to night school to develop them. . . . They come to us from the *public schools* so trained that they are not worth a great deal. . . . My opinion is that the reason for the lack may be found in the teaching of too many branches which are almost useless and too little attention to the teaching of spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. . . . It seems unfortunate that it should be found necessary to send a boy to night business college to learn the things he should have learned by the time he *graduated from the public school*, but we have found that we have to do it."

Jan. 13, O. B. Brush, general superintendent of the Henneberry Company, declares: "Take just one branch of education. When I look at some of the examples of spelling that come to me I simply have to throw up my hands in disgust. Eight times out of ten if you ask a *graduate of our schools* how to spell 'which' he or she will spell it 'witch' and just as often as not the word will be spelled 'wich'. Now is there any reasonable excuse for that? Their training in English is almost as bad."

Jan. 14, Paul Everingham, of Everingham and Van De Carr, observes: "Boys and girls came to us lamentably weak in spelling and writing. Those two branches seem to be the greatest deficiency."

Carl R. Latham, Alden, Latham & Young, maintains: "The present school system is deficient in not teaching pupils to spell or write well or to figure accurately. My judgment in this matter is that there is too much tendency to get away from the essential fundamentals of education."

Jan. 16, Joseph R. Noel, president of the Northwest State Bank, asserts: "We flit from one thing to another, trying this and trying that and not always devoting time or attention to any one thing to see whether it will be of value to the student."

Mrs. Nona S. Bogart, 6741 Parnell Avenue, says: "Then let us abolish such foolish fads as sewing, basket weaving, laundry work (we are grateful that sex hygiene has gone), etc., all of which might better be taught in the home."

Edward B. Smith observes: "Not one of 100 pupils entering the high schools can pass an examination in composition and write a three-page article, story or description, without making many and radical mis-

takes in punctuation, grammar, and spelling. In fact, not one out of ten can read a page from any standard author and pronounce every word correctly."

Jan. 22. A teacher from the public schools states that "Under the proposed new curriculum . . . the time given to recesses, physical culture, art construction, music, and opening exercises, all of which are cultural or recreational, is more than twice that given to geography, mathematics, history, civics, and penmanship—all basic subjects;—That about two-thirds of the time of the student is devoted to the less important subjects."

Jan. 23. W. R. Hertig, a former school teacher now living in Galesburg, Ill., affirms: "It is alleged by many reputable business men of the city that their experience with *high school graduates* as employees has proved a large percentage of them to be markedly deficient in their mastery of the primary, or fundamentals of a good education—the so-called three Rs."

(In the foregoing quotations the italics are ours.)

VIOLATE THE SANCTITY OF THE CONVENT

With deep mortification and shame the honest people of Massachusetts read the contents of a bill filed in the senate of that state. The bill would empower the Governor to appoint a commission to inspect institutions "including hospitals, almshouses, houses of detention, reformatory institutions, convents, nunneries, asylums, seminaries, and schools maintained by religious bodies." The visits are to be made unannounced, and any member of the institute visited who prevents the commission from investigating any place or person about the institution will be liable to imprisonment.

Let us pass over in silence the gratuitous insult of placing convents on a level with penitentiaries. But we ask you to picture to yourself a commission made up of ward politicians who received their appointment as a political "plum"—as a reward for the votes they secured by drinks and bribes during the last election. Picture to yourself this commission, while making its rounds to collect hush-money for the "Boss" from dives and disreputable houses, dropping in at any hour of the day or night, to "investigate" a body of refined, saintly women, and hauling off to the police station any Sister who objected to their entering the most private and sacred apartments of the convent!

Thank God, American manhood has not sunk so low as to allow such a measure to become a law!

DISCRIMINATION

The Y. M. C. A. was permitted to erect a building on the military reservation on Governor's Island. The Catholics wished to build a chapel. They were refused. For, said Judge Advocate General Crowder, no denominational buildings can be allowed. But the Y. M. C. A. is denominational! Why this discrimination? The case should be appealed.

STONES FOR BREAD

If there is any one in the world that needs the help of religion to lead a clean, manly life it is the soldier in the navy. And here is Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, proposing to substitute "Welfare Secretaries" for Chaplains. Where is this thing going to end? When will we cease dealing out milk-and-water doses of natural goodness instead of divine religion? While the people are famishing for the bread of life, why do we persist in giving them a stone. Imagine your own boy in the navy. He comes to church on Sunday, and, instead of a Priest offering up the Holy Sacrifice, he finds a "Welfare Secretary" who will read him a tract and then teach him the use of the horizontal bars. He is dying, and, instead of a Priest to kneel beside him amid the bursting bombs, to forgive his sins, and prepare him to meet his Judge, there is a "Welfare Secretary" to—to sit snugly in the hold till the fray is over.

No, if there were no God and no revealed religion, we might well take "Welfare Secretaries" instead of Chaplains. But since Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has put Chaplains and not "Welfare Secretaries" to minister to His Church, it would smack of presumption for even Secretary Daniels to reverse the order.

WHY STAND YE IDLE?

Catholics, be up and doing! Immorality and pagan ideals are increasing, belief in revealed truth is waning, calumnies against the Church are spreading, freakish and anti-Catholic laws are multiplying,

millions of our own countrymen are famishing for the bread of life and there is no one to break it to them! What practical and effective measures are you taking to combat these evils? You have received the inestimable gift of the true faith. But woe to that servant who hides the talent his Lord has lent him.

Take example from Milwaukee where, under the leadership of Archbishop Messmer, all the Catholic societies of the city have been welded into one grand confederation to overcome by united action these evils which they could never combat single-handed.

Take example from New York where, under the patronage of Cardinal Farley, the Catholics will issue a monthly bulletin wherein all clean-minded men and women can learn which theaters they and their children may attend without danger to faith and morals.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

When the Knights of Columbus see where there is good to be done, they do not talk about it—they do it. They saw the immense good that educated Catholic laymen can do in this country, and they forthwith took steps to have Catholic laymen educated to supply the need. They raised half a million dollars to establish fifty perpetual scholarships in the Catholic University of Washington. Think of the noble band of workers which that will produce in the course of a generation!

THE VOICE AND THE WITNESS

Kikuyu! A year ago none of us had even heard the word; now it is famous! Why? Because of what has happened at Kikuyu. It dawned upon the non-Catholic missionaries of East Africa that a dozen wrangling sects who claim to be messengers of the Prince of Peace will hardly make a good impression upon the natives whom they come to convert. Accordingly, they held a joint meeting at Kikuyu. Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians were there. They agreed upon common courses of instruction for Baptism and Ordination, free interchange of pulpits, and a Communion Table to which members of all these sects may approach at will.

The Anglican Bishop at Zanzibar, Africa, heard of this and was scandalized. He exposes the incongruity of the whole affair in an

epoch-making letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He says that each of these sects hold as false many things which the Anglican church considers true, and considers true many things which the Anglican church holds as false. He says that Theologians standing high in the Anglican church itself publicly teach that Jesus did not rise from the dead, that He made grave blunders in His teaching, that He was the natural Son of St. Joseph, etc. What then, he asks, shall we believe? What message shall we offer to the natives whom we have come to convert? "The Anglican church is content to have lost her power of self-expression, so that we out here can no longer appeal to her Voice or rest upon her Witness."

The well-meaning zeal evinced by every line of the Anglican Bishop's letter makes us hope that God will give him the grace to submit his doubts to that Voice and that Witness to whom Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. . . . I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. . . . Behold I am with thee all days even to the consummation of the world."

"PEACE, PEACE, WHEN THERE WAS NO PEACE"
JER. VIII, 11.

Three commissioners for the "Church Unity Movement" from New York have just landed in England. There they have found a very ferment of disunion in the Anglican church owing to the Kikuyu affair and the Zanzibar Bishop's letter. Such disunion in only one church may dishearten them in their efforts to establish unity among the hundreds of non-Catholic churches. Union of belief among Christians is a boon of such worth that every true follower of Christ would gladly lay down his life in order to obtain it. But it can never be obtained until all Christians believe the truths which God has revealed, and, through His one, holy, Catholic, apostolic Church, proposes to our belief.

MOVING PICTURE SHOWS

The German Bishops, in congress assembled, at Fulda, declared:

I. That the immoral show is but deadly poison to all, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether young or old. Hence such shows, like im-

moral books, songs, or conversation, must be absolutely avoided by any one who desires to live a godly and upright life.

II. All children of school age are forbidden to attend any *public* picture shows. This, too, no matter how excellent or innocent the subject or its treatment.

III. They permit *special* picture shows in private, that are not too great a strain, and that are examined and recommended by competent judges, ecclesiastically approved. But even these special and approved picture shows for the school must not be too frequent. Indeed the Bishops say: Let even such be rare.

IV. Children under six years of age not yet in school, must be excluded from all picture shows whether public or special.

V. All Priests are urged to warn their people, old and young, about the dangers attending picture shows. Special instructions on this subject must be given in all schools to the children and in all churches to adults.

VI. Parents and others who have charge of children are solemnly enjoined that it is their duty before God to heed this warning. They must one day render an account to a just God.

This is a timely hint for us to step in and save the thousands of nervous, over-wrought children, crazed by "movies," here in our own land. The United States Government was quick enough to prohibit moving picture men from exhibiting "Counterfeiter Shows;" they maintained that many in the audience would be influenced to imitate what they saw. If they are influenced by "Counterfeiter Shows," will they not be influenced likewise by shows that represent disobedience, insubordination, theft, divorce, illicit love, religious indifference? Shall we take less care of the immortal souls of our children than of the "legal tender" of the land?

HOW MUCH WILL YOU TAKE TO BE GOOD?

Our friends, the Socialists, tell us that poverty is practically the cause of all crime, especially of such brutal crimes as wife-beating. Robert Goelet, according to the daily press, has been charged with "extreme cruelty" towards his wife. And Robert Goelet is worth *thirty-five million dollars*. Would the Socialists please tell us just how much money a man must have before he will be "right good."

HIRE A HALL

Governor Dunne's manly denunciation of the teaching of sex hygiene in the public schools did not find favor with the Socialist, Mr. Patterson. He writes in the Chicago Tribune and says that Governor Dunne is trying to foist Catholic theology upon the public schools. He suggests that the Catholics can send their children somewhere else if they do not wish to have them learn sex hygiene in the public school.

Here is a citation from one of the strong answers Mr. Patterson received in the next issue of the Tribune: "The Governor acted as an official, a citizen, and a taxpayer. He gave his reasons. Mr. Patterson gives no reasons. He wants it, and therefore it should be done. Is Mr. Patterson aware of the fact that some of the greatest educators and thinkers have offered objections to this teaching? Professor Munsterburg, the noted psychologist of Harvard, is opposed to the teaching of sex hygiene to children. He is not a Catholic. His knowledge of psychology led him to this conclusion.

"Professor Paulsen, of the University of Berlin, is opposed to the teaching of sex hygiene to children. He is not a Catholic. He writes: 'Only a chorus of lunatics can ask for the teaching of sex hygiene to children in the schools.'

"At the International Congress of School Hygiene at Buffalo last August there were two diametrically opposed points of view on this question. And yet Mr. Patterson would have the readers of the Tribune believe that only Catholics are opposed to the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools.

"Does Mr. Patterson know that some of the talks actually given in Chicago were too vile to pass through the United States mail? Has Uncle Sam turned Catholic?

"We Catholics object to this move as citizens, as taxpayers, as educators. If Mr. Patterson and his friends want this sex hygiene taught to their children let them hire a hall and secure a teacher. Do not use the public school buildings."

How can I draw more near to Him
Than by this one so dear to Him?
For if I call sweet Mary, Mother,
As he did, am I not His brother?

—C. H. Towne.

	Catholic Events	
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Efforts will be made, according to the declaration of the new ministry in France, to pass a law which will practically close all Catholic schools.

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A yellow sheet of San Francisco, in a lying article, attacked the fair name of the Catholic Queen, Isabella. The "Daughters of Isabella" brought such a vigorous protest to bear upon the editor that he retracted. Another proof that Catholics can make truth prevail when they set their mind to it.

* * *

Under Miss Eliza Andrew's will, Cardinal Gibbons will receive a legacy of some 300,000 dollars, all of which he will turn over to the benefit of education.

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A new law passed in the republic of Columbia reads as follows: "Article I. On the occasion of the first national Eucharistic Congress which is soon to take place, as a solemn and perpetual testimony of the faith and Catholicism of the nation, and to obtain the blessing of the Almighty for the lasting peace and enduring prosperity of this republic, the Columbian nation, through its representatives, renders homage, adoration, and grateful thanksgiving, to Our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, in the august mystery of the Eucharist."

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Lieutenant Colonel Gerloch, of the United States army, a noted Indian fighter, has been received into the Church by Right Reverend John J. Lawler of St. Paul, Minnesota.

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With the approval of Thomas W. Churchill, President of the board of education, and of William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools, 1,000 Catholic Public School Teachers of New York are planning to give religious instruction to the Catholic children after school hours.

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Plans are on foot to form a chain of Catholic Clubs, one for each city, for the purpose of promoting social fellowship among Catholics travelling from one part of the country to the other.

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Sunday, Jan. 11, St. Monica's Church, Philadelphia, witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of 4,000 of the parishioners binding themselves to Total Abstinence.

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Cardinal Farley approves a Catholic branch of the Boy Scouts on condition: 1) that these troops be distinctly Catholic; 2) that the Scout Masters be approved by Church authorities; 3) that no boy be admitted who is not a member of the Junior Holy Name or some kindred society.

Two boys from Philadelphia Catholic schools made a notably better showing than any applicants from the public schools in a competitive examination for West Point.

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The generosity and charity of Austrian Catholics have made it possible for a band of Franciscan Sisters to travel back and forth on the ocean liners and care for the sick in the steerage.

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The Philadelphia Standard and Times publishes a photograph copy of a letter from the Menace in which the editors of that malodorous sheet admit that one of the statements which they made against Catholics was a "bluff." They prefer the name "bluffer" to their real name, which is —.

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The Countess of Lyvendon, England, has entered the convent of the Poor Clares, in Edinburg, to become a Nun.

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Cardinal Casimir Gennari, Prefect of the Congregation of the Council, died at Rome Jan. 31. He is the eleventh Cardinal to die within the last three years. His death leaves sixteen places vacant in the College of Cardinals. The prophets are predicting a Consistory in the near future.

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The fifth anniversary of the destruction of Messina by earthquake was for that city a solemn day of prayer to God for the living and the dead. A procession of over 10,000 people visited the graveyard.

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A Munich paper recently printed an insulting article against the Catholic Church. The Archbishop immediately published a dignified protest. The laity called a meeting which was attended by over 10,000 persons. The meeting unanimously thanked the Archbishop and voted to boycott the shameless paper.

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Vocations to the Redemptorist Order are increasing so rapidly that it has become imperative to build an addition to St. Joseph's Preparatory College for the St. Louis province.

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The King of Uganda and the four native chiefs who accompanied him on his tour of Europe begged for an audience with the Holy Father. Their request was graciously granted. It is hoped that the event will prove beneficial to the Missionaries of that country.

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News from Cuba states that a bill has been introduced into the legislature forbidding Sisters or Priests of a Religious order to enter the country, and furthermore prohibiting the religious garb and almost every public profession of religion.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

I have been going with a Catholic young man here in St. Louis just to have a good time. But I don't want to marry him, and my girl friends say they wouldn't either, if they were in my place. Where can I get acquainted with a nice, Catholic young man?

It would be well for you to examine your conscience on the morality of your past conduct. To go with a young man "just to have a good time" may be selfish and dangerous if not immodest as far as you are concerned, and unjust if not a source of temptation to the young man in question. As long as you do not state your reasons for not wanting to marry him we can say nothing of the prudence of your decision. We wish to add, however, that the Catholic idea of courtship is an opportunity for marriageable people, who wish to marry, to find out whether they harmonize in disposition, taste, and religion. Your prospect to find a nice Catholic young man in St. Louis is better than those of most of our Catholic girls, for there are about fifty thousand marriageable Catholic men in your city.

Can a girl become a good religious even though she has been keeping company for some time?

St. Jane Francis and St. Elizabeth were married before they became religious. Many a girl takes it for granted that she is destined to save her soul as wife and mother, but, after keeping company for some time, becomes convinced that God is calling her to the religious life. If then she is generous in her sacrifice and persevering in her efforts to correspond with grace she may not only become a good religious but even a great saint.

Does the use of one's prayer-book in the hands of another person remove the indulgences for the owner of the book?

There are two kinds of blessings in the Church: the one simply invokes the divine aid upon a person or on the use of a thing; the other, besides invoking the divine aid, attaches an indulgence to the devout use of certain articles of devotion. Most of the blessings of the Church belong to the former

class. Only rosaries, crosses, crucifixes, medals, statues, and pictures of wood or metal are ordinarily enriched with indulgences, and thereby blessed for individual use. Other blessed articles, such as prayer-books, may be used indiscriminately by the faithful.

Must I have my prayer-book blessed to gain the indulgences attached to the recitation of the "indulged prayers" it contains?

As these indulgences are attached to the recitation of the prayers and not to the book it is not essential to have your prayer-book blessed.

Should the banns be published when a widow or widower marries again?

The object in publishing the banns is to discover any impediments that may exist to a certain marriage. Now, as these are apt to be present in the second union as well as in the first, the banns should ordinarily be published when a widow or widower marries.

In making a sick-call stole should I put a Roman or a Maltese cross on it?

You may use either.

Please explain "Many are called but few are chosen."

Our Divine Savior addressed these words to the Jews in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard and in the parable of the marriage feast. In both these parables He extended an invitation to them to accept His doctrine and become His disciples. On both occasions He also saw that insincerity and bad will would keep most of them from attaining life eternal in spite of all that He could do to save them. Hence with sorrow Jesus concludes the parable: "Many are called but few are chosen." (Matt. 20, 16, 22, 14.)

Will most people be saved or lost?

According to some of the most prominent commentators of our day the quotation in the preceding question, as well as the reference to the narrow and the wide gate, refers to the Jews who were listening to our Savior. If this is true we have little in revelation on which to base an estimate. Man is a mystery to himself, and a stranger to his intimate friends. It would, therefore, be rash if not presumptuous for

us to condemn any without a knowledge of their conscience at their last moment. As a priest and missionary, however, I will venture to say, relying on my knowledge of the mercy of God and the good will of man, that the vast majority of the persons I have ever met have hope of life everlasting. By co-operating with the grace of God we can all increase the ground of our hope day by day.

With no other way out would a woman be justified in choosing suicide in preference to the loss of her honor?

Perhaps in nine cases out of ten a woman is placed in this dilemma because she encouraged or permitted improper familiarity. In no case is she permitted, without the express permission and evident inspiration of God, to take her own life. Practically speaking, there is always some other way out, provided the woman has a sincere good will to find out and use it. She could call for help. If necessary she should risk her life in defending her honor against her assailant and in escaping from his power. And if in doing this she happens to kill him she is a Christian heroine that will be honored by God and man. If she should lose her life in defending her virtue for love of God, holy Church would honor that woman as one of her saints and martyrs.

Is it better to be created and damned than not be created at all?

Theoretically it is better for a being to be than not to be, but, according to the words of the Savior in regard to Judas: "It were better for him if that man had not been born," (Matt. 26, 24), it is worse for man to be in hell than not to be at all. When considered from God's standpoint, however, the reverse is true. God has need of no one. In His infinite goodness He created man for His own glory and the happiness of man. Man's existence will infallibly redound to God's glory, for He gives man no other alternative than to glorify either His goodness, love, and mercy in heaven, or His justice and holiness in hell. As a free agent God gives man the immediate choice of the means of his own happiness. On his part man is a dependent being. He must love and serve some master. If he does not love and serve

God he will love and serve either the flesh, the world, or the devil. If God had left man in ignorance of the final consequences of his actions, the reprobate would have some reason to complain and to criticize His conduct. But the fact is that God does all that an all-wise, all-loving, and all-merciful God can do in harmony with His plan to make man happy for time and eternity. He respects man's free will, however, and gives him the choice of the means of happiness. In very decided words He then warns man not to abuse this liberty, as He warned the Israelites of old: "Consider that I have set before thee this day life and good, and on the other hand death and evil. (Deut. 30, 15.) "Enter ye in at the narrow gate," warns the Savior, "for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction." (Matt. 7, 13.) But if man persists in abusing his liberty by journeying to eternity on the "broad way" and thus condemning himself to eternal misery, who will blame God for giving a reluctant consent to man's perverse choice? "Is thy eye evil," asks the Savior, "because I am good?" (Matt. 20, 15.)

Which sex leads in the number of canonized saints?

If we study the lives of the saints who have passed through the process of canonization we shall find that most of them had a special mission to fill which required them to be priests and leaders of the people. Hence, as women are excluded from the ministry of the Church, it is very probable that the male sex leads in the number of canonized saints.

Which parent has ordinarily the greatest spiritual influence on the child?

According to the plan of God both parents should exercise a decided influence on the spiritual life of the child. It is especially the mother's privilege to imbue the mind of the child with a spirit of faith and to inflame its heart with the love of God, while it is the father's special duty to develop the integrity of the child's character. In actual life the predominating influence of the mother is so generally recognized that many Bishops will never grant a dispensation to a Catholic man to marry a non-Catholic woman.

	Some Good Books	
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The Chief Sufferings of Life, and Their Remedies, by Abbe Duhaut, O. C. D., translated by A. M. Buchanan. Suffering, of all life's mysteries, is the one we most think of because it is the one we feel the oftenest. There is hardly a temptation so ready to hand as to doubt God's mercy under affliction. For those thus weighed by sorrow—and who escapes the oppression?—a devout reading of the Abbe Duhaut's book must bring that resignation which begets relief. The excellent English translation is published by Benziger Bros.

The Divine Twilight, by Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. As we learn from the secondary title this is a book of "Old Testament Stories in Scripture Language, Separated and Set in Connected Order, and Edited with Notes." In his "Life of Jesus Christ" (lately translated by Rev. F. Guardey, C. Ss. R.), Father Berthe notes the fact that Catholics read more than they did formerly, yet the divine narratives find little place on the reading table. He blames the morbid thirst for the emotional and dramatic created by trivial literature, for the anomaly. In France his own writings and the Bible de Royaumont, of La Fontaine and Sacy prove that there is lots of life and drama in the Bible narratives when properly presented. Father Holland's work has points of resemblance with its French predecessors and we hope it will have equal popularity. It is published by Catholic Scripture Texts Society, Providence, R. I. Price, 80c.

Modernism and Modern Thought, by J. M. Bampton, S. J. This is a small volume of seven clear and vigorous lectures on the latest and most skulking of heresies. The great difficulty of stating precisely what is modernism is considerably lessened, if not entirely obviated, by the present book. It is published by B. Herder, St. Louis. Price, 60c.

Claudella is a very interesting novel written by Rev. M. W. Handly, C. S. P. It is a story of college life and beautifully portrays the value of frank-

ness and sincerity of character. It is an ideal college story. It is put out by the Newman Press, Austin, Texas.

A Boy of Eirinn, by P. Colum. The "Little Schoolmate Series" is meant to interpret through interesting stories the surrounding, the characteristic customs, and ideals of child life in the more important of the many countries whose people are helping to build up our own nation. The idea of the series is a happy one and if the other countries have as good a representative as Finn O'Donnell, the series will bear its lesson with marked success. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$1.00.

A Primer of Social Science, by Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. Parkinson. This is a very lucid presentation of a subject that is all too hazy in the minds of many Catholics. It contains the best that has been said on Social Science. The Introductory Portion is taken up with "General Notions," the underlying principles, etc.; the second part treats the "Elements of the Social Life"; part three is given to "Economic Relations," and part four deals with "Social Failures." There is hardly a better book of its compass on the subject. Published by "The Devin-Adair Co. Price, 95c.

There are two pamphlets to which we draw particular attention. One is published by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis. It furnishes a very convincing answer to the objections so often urged against the Catholic schools. It is an address upon "The Why and Wherefore of Parochial Schools" by Rev. D. I. McDermott of Philadelphia. The pamphlet sells at 2c a copy.

The second pamphlet is a voice from across the ocean. Rev. Th. A. Murphy, C. Ss. R., has given a clear, concise and striking form to the views of authoritative writers, Catholic and non-Catholic, on the evils of a naturalistic and immoral press. The pamphlet is entitled, *The Literature Crusade in Ireland*. Though it treats of Ireland, its truths are of all times and all places. Price, 2c.

	Lucid Intervals	
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"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, it's economy," Tommy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

It was a Tennessee minister who had before him a six-months probationer, whom he was questioning for admission to all privileges of the church.

"No, Zeke," he said, "you know you must live a Christian life. Have you stolen any chickens during the last six months?"

"No sah, no sah," said Zeke fervently. "Ah ain't done stole no chickens."

"Nor turkeys nor pigs?"

"No sah, no turkeys nor pigs."

"I am glad to hear it," said the leader, "and I hope you will continue in this way."

Zeke was very quiet on his way home. Then he said to his wife in a cautious undertone: "Golly, I'd suah been er lost niggah if he'd said 'ducks'."

He was filling his first prescription, and when he handed it to the lady he told her it was a dollar and ten cents.

She paid the dollar and ten, and after she had gone he informed the proprietor that the dollar was counterfeit. The proprietor looked over his glasses at the young man, and said:

"Well, how about the ten cents—is that good money?"

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, well," the proprietor replied, "that's not so bad—we still make a nickel."

Old Lady (watching moving-picture photographer taking a street scene)—I must be getting deaf. That man's grinding his hand-organ, and I can't hear a note.

"Brothah Jones, will you please lead us in prayer?"

"Lead! Lead!" said Brother Jones, waking up, "why, I jes dealt."

The Rescuer—How was it you came to fall in?

The Rescued—I didn't come to fall in; I came for a day's fishin'!

Small Boy—"I want some medicine to reduce flesh."

Drug Clerk—"Anti-fat?"

Small Boy—"No, uncle."

"So you have decided to get another physician."

"I have," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "The idea of his prescribing flaxseed tea and mustard plasters for people as rich as we are."

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine?

Mrs. de Jones—I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!

"It's curious," said Brown, "how coming events cast their shadows before them. I'll wager a fiver none of you gentlemen can guess what was the last thing played on the organ at the time of the fire."

"The Lost Chord," suggested Smith. Brown shook his head.

"Dies Irae," said the classical gentleman. Brown shook his head again.

"What was it, then?" asked the classical member.

Brown got up, reached for his hat and went to the door. Then he replied: "The hose."

Barbour—You seem warm; have you been exercising?

Waterman—Yes, indeed; I went to the mutes' dance and swung dumb belles around all evening.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand.

"Well?" said the teacher, encouragingly.

"Father cat, mother cat, and three little kittens!"